

With Mrs. M. M. Carleton's love.
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Nov. 7th. 1907.
ADAM

A CHRISTIAN DEVOTEE:

BEING REMINISCENCES OF JANE W. ADAM,
BAIDYANATH, BENGAL.

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COLLECTED BY

JAMES M. MACPHAIL, M. A., M. D.,

Chakai.

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PRINTED AT THE SANTAL MISSION PRESS,  
POKHU A, —MANBHUM.

1907.

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## PREFATORY NOTE.

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WHEN Miss Adam died, on May 24th, 1905, I was asked by some of her fellow missionaries to write her life. Recognising the desirability of having some memorial of one so singularly devoted to the Master's service, I began to collect materials until I heard that there was a prospect of the work being undertaken by one who was much more intimately associated with Miss Adam during her latest years than I had been. There seems now, however, to be little hope of this being done, and as it would be a pity not to utilise the very interesting communications I have received, I venture to give them here very much in the form in which they were sent to me.

On my return to Scotland on furlough in 1906 I tried to obtain fuller information about Miss Adam's early life, but owing to her long absence and the death or removal of her friends and relatives, I was able to add very little to what I had learnt from herself.

The photograph does not seem to me to do Miss Adam justice. One misses two things which she wore constantly—the blue spectacles and the smile. But she was seldom photographed, and this picture of her is given as the best available.

A friend who had read the proofs says that it seems almost incredible that a youth could earn sufficient money by making nails after working hours to take him to the University. It may be as well, therefore, to add that the authority for this statement is the official *Roll of the Graduates of the University of Glasgow from 1727 to 1896* which was published a few years ago. Probably nails were dearer and students cheaper then than they are now.

To many readers, including those who are most familiar with the conditions of life in India, it will seem still more difficult to believe that a lady, fifty years old, and in fragile health, went to that country and lived the life Miss Adam lived and did the work that she did for over twenty-five years without a break. Yet the fact is so, and it deserves to be commemorated. One of her favourite texts was, "He giveth power to the faint" (Isaiah XL. 29.) It is a truth that was abundantly confirmed in her experience and illustrated by her life.

To the friends who have contributed to these Reminiscences and to all who have helped in other ways I offer my sincere thanks. I am sure they esteem it a privilege, as I do, to lay a wreath upon the grave of one so worthy of being held in loving remembrance.

CHAKAI,

BENGAL,

August, 1907.

J. M. M.







JANE W. ADAM.



## CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS IN SCOTLAND—JAMTARA—TALJHARI—

NOTE BY MISS HAITZ.

JANE WAKEFIELD ADAM was born in Inverness about the year 1828. Her father, Matthew Adam, had been a blacksmith, who earned sufficient money by making nails out of cast-off horse-shoes to take him to the University of Glasgow where he graduated M. A. in 1808. He had been born in Bargeny in the parish of Dailly, Ayrshire, in 1780. After graduation he taught a school of his own in Glasgow from 1808 to 1811. He was then appointed Rector of the Royal Academy, Inverness, a position which he held till 1839, when he retired on a pension. He continued to teach privately in his own house in Glasgow till 1850, when he went to reside in Ayr, where he died in 1853. A son, William Adam, followed his father's profession, and was headmaster of various public schools in Newton-on-Ayr and Glasgow. At the time of his death a few years ago he was headmaster of Henderson Street Public School. He was a man of exceptionally wide reading and encyclopædic knowledge.

Most of the information which has been gleaned regarding Miss Adam's early life is embodied in the reminiscences that follow. She was very reticent about herself, and far from displaying, sought rather to conceal, the extent of her accomplishments. It was only by an occasional reference that one learned that she had studied foreign languages, painting, music and other arts, both in the home land and on the Continent. Her interest was latterly confined almost exclusively to the spiritual side of life, but even on that topic she spoke little of her early experiences. Forgetting those things which are behind, she was always reaching forth to those things which are before. During part of her time in Glasgow she was a Presbyterian and a Free Church woman, a member of the congregation ministered to by the late Dr. Andrew A Bonar. In those days the church was situated in Finnieston Street,—from which it still takes its name,—and like many of the old Free Churches it had been built with little regard to elegance of architecture or physical comfort. As the congregation grew and prospered under Dr. Bonar's preaching, they resolved to build a larger and finer church further west, in a less insalubrious district. This was a genuine grief to Miss Adam, who pleaded with her friends to put up with bad ventilation and spend their money on foreign missions. She waited upon Dr. Bonar to remonstrate personally, but after listening patiently to all she had to say, he merely remarked that Jesus told the people to sit upon the

green grass. She told me that after that she said no more in public, but wept a great deal in private. Before long, however, she felt that in other and more vital matters she was no longer in sympathy with the Free Church. She adopted the views of the Baptists, and once said to me that what had finally confirmed her in their doctrines was a pamphlet written by Dr. Bonar in defence of infant baptism. But she did not formally join the Baptist denomination. In fact for the rest of her life she belonged to that irregular force "who preach in advance of the army and skirmish ahead of the Church," who rejoice to call themselves Christians without any qualification or limitation, but claim fellowship with all true believers everywhere. She was engaged for some time as a governess, but during many years she devoted herself to work among the poor, in Glasgow, Ayr, and elsewhere, and was occasionally discovered by her friends in some blind ally or dark by-way, divesting herself of her own clothes in order to cover some ragged woman or naked child. There is no record of the precise circumstances which led her to carry out, when past middle age, the plan she had evidently cherished for many years, of going to the foreign field as a missionary, but Mr. E. Cornelius, an independent missionary who has worked for many years at Jamtara, a station on the East Indian Railway, 157 miles from Calcutta, informs me that she first came out in November, 1878 or 1879, to Jamtara, and lived for about a year with



him and his wife. From information supplied by others, the former seems to be the more probable date. Mr. Cornelius's work lies partly among the Santals, the largest of the aboriginal tribes of India, and he says that Miss Adam was sent out by a Mr. Hunt, "an ex-clergyman of the Church of England," who had invented what he called a "univers-syllabic alphabet," to teach it to the Santals. She did not succeed in this enterprise, and for a short time she seems to have worked in connection with the Church Missionary Society's Santal Mission. Of the recollections furnished by friends those by Miss Haitz, of the Church of England Zanana Mission, Bhagalpur, refer chiefly to this period. Miss Haitz writes as follows:—

It was in July 1882 that Miss Adam came to me for a change of air. She had been very ill with fever at Taljhari, one of the C. M. S. missions, where they had kindly given her the use of an empty bungalow. A native pastor was in charge of the Christian community. In the rains that part of the country is partly under water, as it is a rice growing district. Miss Adam told me that she had difficulty in getting about to the villages. She showed me boots that were more fit for a ploughboy to wear than for a lady, as she had to go through deep mud and water at times. Then she had also the use of the mission elephant, and as she did not know the Santali language properly she used to learn a few Scripture texts by heart and shout them

to the crowds that collected round her and the elephant. She asked me one day most gravely if the natives really despised unmarried women, for the people in one place made fun of her and told her to go home and fetch her husband.

In those days Taljhari did not boast of a railway station, and the train had to be stopped by special order for passengers. The native pastor took Miss Adam to the train that was to bring her to Bhagalpur. To his great relief he found that one of the Santal missionaries was in the train, so he put Miss Adam at once into his care. As there was no platform it was a great climb up to the carriage door, and as she was weak the one had to hoist her up while the other pulled her in. Afterwards she told me that she did not come to Bhagalpur, but that angels brought her.

I met her at Bhagalpur station and brought her home and straight into her room where I put her into an easy chair to recover herself a bit before taking off her things. Some soup was brought for her, which I suggested she should take before I helped her to bed, but she motioned it away with the words, "The twelfth chapter of the Prophet Isaiah," and then she repeated the chapter by heart and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving, after which she took her soup. She was very weak, and I was glad to see her comfortably settled in bed.

In the night, about two o'clock, I was roused from sleep by hearing a thud like a fall. I jumped up

and found Miss Adam's bed empty. I rushed to her bathroom where a ghastly sight met me. Miss Adam was lying on the floor with mouth and eyes wide open and yet in a dead faint and icy cold. I picked her up and carried her back to bed, but it took me some hours to get her round again. It was my first year in Bhagalpur, and I was living alone. As I had had no sickness in the house since my arrival, I was actually without any kind of stimulant in the house. So I sent a servant off to a shop two miles away for a bottle of brandy and the *chaukidar* (night watchman) had got up a fire for hot water. I got some Liebig's soup ready and hot water bottles, but I could not get enough of the Liebig down to do any good, nor did friction and hot water bottles help me much to restore warmth and consciousness. At last the brandy came and that did it. In the morning when she was better she told me that she had been taking cold baths at all hours, day or night, and that she was going to have a cold bath then but was too weak and thus fainted. The poor thing was indeed in a very low state and very ill. She got worse and worse so that for two or three weeks we had to watch her day and night. One Sunday I had given up all hope. She was unconscious and had hardly any pulse left and her breathing was like that of a dying person. I had no address of any of her friends though she had spoken of a brother. The late Mr. Droese who saw her in that state could not rouse her to consciousness



either, so we watched by her and did what we could for her, though she was unable to swallow much and we could not get warmth into her body. But a change took place about 2 or 3 in the morning. I noticed a difference in her breathing, and found her pulse stronger and her head getting warmer, and soon she was able to take nourishment again. After this crisis she improved steadily. While she was so low and weak she used to go off into faints even lying in bed, and usually when she had no fever. I need not say that brandy was my resource for bringing her round, but one day when she was already improving and her faint was not such a bad one, she tasted the brandy while recovering, and looked at me asking what I had given her, was it brandy? I told her yes, and the why and the wherefore. She said "Will you promise never to give me brandy again?" adding that she would rather die than take it. I replied by telling her what anxiety she had given me during her fits of fainting and how thankful I was that there was such a thing as brandy to put warmth and life into people. Miss Adam said she would speak to the doctor that morning. Our Civil Surgeon had been very kind in looking after her. He often came twice a day when she was very ill. That morning the doctor had hardly sat down by her bedside when she gave me a sign to keep silent and began, "Doctor, do you know that Miss Haitz has given me brandy?" He replied, "No doubt Miss Haitz gave it to you when

you needed it." "Do you also believe in brandy?" she asked. He said, "Yes, certainly, for some cases." Then she said, "Do you know that nearly all the people buried in the Calcutta cemeteries have died of drink?" Dr. Beatson said that that was not the case, after which followed some talk on drink.

Miss Adam wore black spectacles even in bed though the light in the room may have been subdued. One day she beckoned me to her side. Her voice was very low and weak, so I sat beside her to listen to what she had to say. She asked me the price of various refreshments at the railway stations and when I told her she added up what Mr. B. had spent for ice and soda-water and tea for her on the journey up and it came to some 12 or 14 annas (a shilling or fourteen pence.) So she asked me to take that sum and give it to Mr. B., who was staying with the Droeses. I was to give it with her love and thanks. No doubt I must have looked amused, for she said in a louder and sharper tone, "Why are you laughing? If it is not correct to send my love, give my compliments." Of course I was extremely sorry and begged her pardon, saying that I was not conscious of laughing, but that I did not think that Mr. B. would want these few annas from her. She replied, "It is written, 'Owe no man anything but love'."

Miss Adam was certainly a peculiar patient to nurse, but we soon understood each other and got along very well. When she came to me her *sola topi* (pith hat) was saturated through and through

with castor oil, which she applied freely to her head. She wanted to go on with this castor oil treatment even while in bed. She had a notion that the effect of the oil would go right through her system from the head, but I told her that while she was my patient she would have to take it internally if needful. In the same way she would put iced milk and soda into a basin and put her hands into it, saying she did not need to drink it, all the goodness would go through the pores of the skin of the hands right through her body. As she was getting stronger and able to take more food I soon got her into regular ways. She tried her queer way of feeding on with me—refusing to swallow even jelly, on the plea that she got all the nourishment from it through the pores of the tongue,—but I said I could not allow any patient of mine such irregularities and that if she wished to stay with me she must eat proper food. She gave in, and picked up quickly. Our station people were very kind in visiting Miss Adam and bringing her all sorts of delicacies. They were often entertained by her quaint views of life.

As soon as the fever had left her for good, I got her into some clothes and carried her down stairs and out into our phaeton, and thus took her for daily drives which she greatly enjoyed. After six or seven weeks' stay with me she went to Calcutta to some friends. The following Christmas I was at Calcutta at the Decennial Missionary Conference 1882. One day I was walking with a friend down Dharmtala St.



when a little lady in black spectacles laid her hand on my arm and said in a most solemn voice, " Miss Haitz, if it had not been for you I would now have been under the ground." It was Miss Adam, and I soon changed the tone for I was pleased to see her again. A few years ago we met again at the Bausi *mela* (religious fair,) 30 miles south of Bhagalpur, She came in a little wheeled chair or perambulator all the way from Deoghur (about 50 miles,) though I believe some kind missionary friends gave her a lift the last part of the way. At Bausi she stayed with us as our guest in the Government rest-house. She was very done up by the journey but after a day or two she was out and about among the people of the *mela*. In the house she was given much to prayer and to the reading of God's Word. I was glad to see that she had proper clothing and was altogether cared for, for in the days when I knew her first she used to give everything away.

## CHAPTER II.

BETHEL—NOTES BY MRS. BROWNE AND MISS HOLLYER.

THE late Pastor Haegert, who died a few years ago, was a missionary who worked among the Santals on independent and unconventional lines. A Pomeranian by birth, he had been in early life an hotel waiter and afterwards an overseer in the Public Works Department, but found his vocation as a missionary. At a place known locally as Kairabani, in the Santal Parganas, he built a mission station which he named Bethel and organised an extensive work for which he raised the necessary funds mainly by collecting tours throughout India. When he died the property was purchased by Mr. Skrefsrud on behalf of the Indian Home Mission to the Santals.

Miss Adam worked in connection with the Bethel Mission for about four years, from 1883 till the end of 1886. Two communications have been received from friends who shared her labours there. Mrs. L. Browne, Hawthorn Brae, Rajpur, Dehra Doon, writes that she met Miss Adam when on a visit to Bethel about 1885, and lived under the same roof with her for six months, but as her reminiscences refer chiefly

to subsequent intercourse with her at Deoghur they will be quoted again at a later stage in this narrative. Mrs. Browne writes:—

She was truly a whole-hearted and devoted missionary and that she was entirely devoted to God and His service goes without saying. Her life was very exemplary in more ways than one, and although it bordered to a good extent on asceticism, which for one younger and stronger was somewhat trying, one could not but admit that her self-denial was most Christ-like. She was pre-eminently a woman of prayer and a student of God's Word, and I can confidently add

“From early morn  
Oft through the night  
Her prayers arise  
With pleading cries  
To win for God  
Among the wise.”

The Scripture declaration, “the Lord reigneth,” was her passport and her bulwark in her work for God. She never seemed to allow any desire to possess her of returning to the homeland and she had her wish gratified of dying on the Indian field. She endured as seeing Him who is invisible until His call came to come up higher, where she now joins the ransomed song, singing the praises of Him who through one so frail called many out of darkness into light.



Another friend of the Bethel time was Miss E. Hollyer who writes, from Le Chalet, Die, Drôme, France, as follows:—

When I went to India in 1882 Mr. Haegert did not know Miss Adam, I believe, but after I arrived at Bethel Santal Mission I found that Mrs. Haegert was in such poor health that I told Mr. Haegert that I could not stay out there alone without another lady. Soon afterwards he went on a collecting tour and on his return he said, "Miss Hollyer, I have heard of a Scotch lady needing a change and she is coming out here to stay." Soon afterwards Miss Adam appeared and remained there with me till I left for England to see my parents. Before I returned to India she had left Bethel, feeling called of God to go and work in Deoghar. Also, she could not acquire the Santali language but felt she might learn another better. Whether she ever acquired it I do not know.

On my return to India she told me of her difficulty in leaving Bethel and of getting men to carry her dandy, and how she had to sleep in it one night under the trees.

I never met any one more humble in spirit. Every little thing she prayed about. If we were writing anything in connection with the Mission and could not express it as she liked she would stop and say, "Well, dear, let us kneel down and ask God to give us just the right words".

Once when we were walking together in the compound we got into rather a hot argument over a subject. She stopped short, knelt down on the path, and prayed for herself and me. If ever I felt I had been in the wrong saying I was sorry for what I said she would stop me in the middle and say, "No, dear, it was my fault for not being sufficiently watchful. If I had been careful of my words, *you* would not have spoken as you did," O how few quarrels there would be among Christians if all had her spirit of prayer and humility.

Miss Adam had her van when we were at Bethel together, and when we went out on tour in the winter months she lived in it while I lived in my tent close by, going on week by week to fresh villages. When she first went to Deoghar she lived in this van. Miss Adam and I talked over and prayed about the construction of this van, and at last the plan was made and friends in England sent it out to her. I remember how many things we had just in answer to prayer. Things we wanted altered in the mission and did not like to speak of, we just prayed about together and God worked it without a word from us, simply in answer to our prayers.

She once told me that when she was a young girl she was walking on the sea shore in a new pair of boots, and she had a longing desire to go to Japan as a Missionary. So she asked God to let her wear those very boots in Japan. She added: "God did not answer my prayer for Japan, but for India

instead and I have those same boots with me here, although God only opened the way for me to go when I was 50 years of age."

Not so very long before she left England she fell on the ice in the road and knocked out her front teeth. She felt it right at all times to praise the Lord, for He had said "In every thing give thanks," and so, as some one came to help her up, she could just utter very faintly, "Praise God!" She said "It hardly seemed at the time something to praise for, but afterwards I found how good it was for me, for my mouth needed attention before going to India and I was saved the pain of having the teeth taken out."

She said her young life was one of tears, for she early lost her mother and missed a mother's love and training, but her later life was far brighter and happier.

## CHAPTER III.

DEOGHAR—MRS. BROWNE—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

DEOGHAR \* is the name of one of the Sub-divisions of the Santal Parganas, and the same name is applied to the head-quarters of this sub-division, where the Sub-divisional Officer or Deputy Magistrate is stationed. The latter place is more generally known throughout India as Baidyanath. It is the site of twenty-two temples dedicated to Shiva worship, and is visited by many thousands of Hindu pilgrims who seek to acquire religious merit in abundant quantity and of a very high order by pouring Ganges water on the idol. It is a centre of considerable trade and in recent years has also acquired a high reputation as a health resort among the well-to-do Bengalis of Calcutta. The temples are among the finest of their kind in Bengal. Two of them, one sacred to Mahadeo and the other to his consort Parbati, are the scene of enthusiastic idolatry at the time of the festival that celebrates the marriage of that god and goddess. Baidyanath Junction, on the East Indian Railway, is 200 miles

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\* Often spelt *Deoghur*. The accent is on the last syllable.



from Calcutta, and a small narrow gauge line, four miles long, runs from this Junction to the town. In former days Deoghar was the head-quarters of the Santal Parganas, but it has been superseded by Dumka, a more central station. According to the common interpretation Deoghar is the Hindu equivalent of the Christian Bethel, the House of God, but there is another theory that the correct spelling is Deogarh, which means the Fort of God.

Deoghar was the scene of Miss Adam's labours from 1887 till her death in 1905. Of the contributions relating to this period, the first in chronological order is that furnished by Mrs. Browne, which has been already quoted.

Mrs. Browne writes: It was in February or March, 1887, after an itinerating tour in connection with Pastor Haegert's Mission, that Miss Adam passed through Deoghar, and finding it to be a needy field, with no Missionary agency whatever, decided under the Lord to commence operations there. I was one of her first European co-workers. A Bengali young woman joined for a time, but very soon left. We occupied the *Dak* or Inspection Bungalow (built for the use of Government officials on tour and other travellers), kindly lent by the Magistrate as a temporary arrangement, and we worked together in the adjacent villages, sometimes in the city, and as opportunity offered in other places as well.

She was withal so brave, the outcome truly of a holy life. I remember she used to say the wicked

were full of fears ! This rather touched me, as being in a very lonely position out in Deoghar, with many drawbacks, one way and another, I felt my courage to be far below hers. One night the *chaukidar*, a new man to us, who had come as a substitute, was acting in a most strange manner. After we had retired and fallen asleep, I was awakened by Miss Adam singing,

“ Praise the Savicur, ye who know Him,”

a favourite hymn of hers, and on being aroused so unexpectedly, enquired what was the matter. She told me the *chaukidar* was coughing in a most extraordinary way and making noises sufficient to arouse any suspicion. Whereupon she began to sing as a signal to ward off any approach of intending marauders. This, with absolute trust in God, was certainly our preservation not only on that night (who can tell ?) but all the time before and after.

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It was not very long after her settlement at Deoghar, that I myself became acquainted with Miss Adam. Appointed to the Santal Mission of the Free Church of Scotland in 1889, in the following year I took charge of the Chakai Station (at Bamdah village) in the district of Monghyr. I found that Miss Adam was my nearest fellowmissionary, at a distance of 20 miles. I had heard a good deal about her and wrote to ask if it would be convenient to visit her. She replied at once that she had just been praying that all the workers for

Christ among the Santals might be led into closer fellowship, and promised me a hearty welcome. Most of the 20 miles ride was across country, but Hindu pilgrims from the north, streaming down through Chakai to Deoghar, marked out the way for the Christian pilgrim. At that time Miss Adam was alone and she had vacated the bungalow and gone back to her van. In appearance it resembled a bathing machine, but the bullocks which had formerly drawn it from place to place were now dead, and it was anchored at a suitable spot, and a thatch roof, supported by four wooden pillars, was built over it to afford some protection from the heat of the summer sun and the torrents of the monsoon. Miss Adam had become as enamoured of her van as Diogenes was of his tub, and persisted in living in it for years after other accommodation had become available. She pitied poor people who lived in houses, with verandahs to intercept the sunshine and the breeze! She had rented a small piece of land adjoining the van and built thereon a very substantial little hall which was to serve as a meeting place during the week and a Church on Sundays. But the van was still the manse.

It was in the Church Miss Adam received me. She produced a cup of tea, but apologised for having no spoons. She had once possessed spoons, but the last of them had disappeared some years before. While the visitor drank his tea, she would read a tract to him, so that no time might be wasted. Miss

Adam's European visitors as a rule found sleeping quarters in the Inspection Bungalow, which was quite near the van. At that time the Deputy Magistrate at Deoghar was the late Mr. W. M. Gow Smith, who spent a long period of service chiefly in the Santal Parganas. He and his wife and daughter were good friends to Miss Adam, and one of their many acts of kindness was to send along food when they heard she had visitors. What or how or when she herself ate, no one seemed to know. During the years that followed I was frequently her guest and on two occasions I had the great privilege of being her host when she visited Chakai, but I never saw her partake of what could be called even by courtesy a square meal. Plain living and high thinking were the order of the day with her, and the living was *very* plain and the thinking correspondingly high.

Before recording the recollections of others I may as well here give my own. In the visit just referred to and in several subsequent visits I was privileged to see a good deal of Miss Adam's work and to learn something of her history. It was apparent to the most casual observer that among all sections of the community at Deoghar she had acquired an almost unique influence. She had free access to the temples, and could go anywhere with an immunity due entirely to the force of her character and her unwearying patience in well-doing. Among no class was she held in higher esteem than among the English



speaking Bengalis from Calcutta. Leading members of the Brahmo Samaj—the Theistic Church, founded originally by the Rajah Ram Mohun Roy—were among her neighbours. At one time she arranged a series of meetings specially for them, and she circulated among them carefully selected books and papers. One of her favourite books was Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, its chief recommendation to her being the prominence it gave to the doctrine of Regeneration. Once when I was out on tour with the magic lantern I went round by Deoghar, and Miss Adam made arrangements for two magic lantern meetings in very interesting circumstances. One was held in the Dharmsala, or rest-house for pilgrims, in the immediate vicinity of the temples, where to a large and most attentive gathering of Hindus we showed a series of views illustrating the life of Christ. On the following evening the same exhibition was given to a meeting of zenana ladies! A leading Bengali gentleman, a distinguished orator and politician—ex-President of Congress, in fact—had rented a house in Deoghar. Miss Adam obtained his permission to hold a ladies' meeting in his house. I planted the lantern in the verandah, fixed the screen to the door of the ladies' apartment and was thus able to show the pictures to those who were assembled within. They all seemed to be much interested, and to Miss Adam and myself it was very gratifying to hear one of the young ladies of the house, turning up the passages

in her Bengali New Testament describing the various scenes and reading them to her friends. In a place like Deoghar it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, to arrange either of these meetings without Miss Adam's help.

Among the poor, she, like nearly all rural missionaries, felt constrained to do a little doctoring. But she never seemed to be quite able to make up her mind whether it was Scriptural to use drugs. Many of the cases that came to her for help were simple forms of skin disease, and she once remarked in a letter to me that she found that "prayer, *with a little sulphur*, was sufficient for most of them." For her own needs she considered that prayer and prayer alone was necessary. But thereby hangs a tale. She suddenly realised one morning that she was deaf in one ear. Another missionary lady was staying with her at the time, who held views similar to her own, and they both resolved that the deafness must be cured by prayer and faith alone. They both made it a subject of special prayer for several days, but with no apparent result. Then the magistrate's wife came along, and they asked her if she would strengthen the concert of prayer by joining it. She said she would like to examine the ear first, and on doing so pulled out a plug of cotton wool which Miss Adam had inserted on account of a little earache the night before the onset of her deafness, and had forgotten all about. This, however, did not in the least shake her belief in faith-healing. Was

not the magistrate's wife the answer to her prayers ? Once when she was staying with us my wife persuaded her to undergo a very slight surgical operation which brought her much relief. She contented herself by saying that the Lord had evidently revealed to us that for her relief in this case a certain surgical instrument should be used.

In other regions as well she could tell of wonderful answers to prayer. When she was building the little church already referred to, she had got everything completed except venetians for the windows. She had no money to buy them, so made it a matter of special prayer. She happened to be visiting Calcutta at the time, and thought there could be no harm in just asking the price of the articles she was praying for. Entering a cabinet maker's shop in the native quarter she saw the very things she wanted, and asked the babu how much they would cost. "*You* may have them for nothing, madam," was the reply.

Miss Adam's utter devotion to the cause she served, her spirit of self-abnegation and abandonment, certainly made a strong appeal to and a deep impression upon the Oriental mind. Once when she was living in the Inspection Bungalow, a Bengali lady came to stay with her to recruit her health. She asked Miss Adam if she could arrange to get the punkah pulled for her at night, and Miss Adam promised to do so. Waking up in the early morning hours, the lady was struck by the steadiness with

which the punkah was being pulled, and having the curiosity to look into the verandah to see what such an exemplary coolie was like she there beheld Miss Adam sitting patiently toiling at the rope. Mrs. Dutton, the daughter of the late magistrate Mr. Smith, tells me she remembers one occasion when Miss Adam nursed a poor pilgrim and his wife single handed through an attack of cholera, and the distances she covered on foot on her endless errands of mercy were a marvel.

No doubt she was often imposed upon, mercilessly and shamefully. In the reminiscences that are to follow, mention is made more than once of the roughly made rickshaw which she began to use when advancing age made walking difficult. She would get a coolie to draw it, but the trouble was that if the coolie complained of being tired or of having a sore foot or a pain in his side, Miss Adam would put him into the rickshaw and wheel him home. The coolies soon found this out. She once had a man servant who refused to pull the rickshaw because, he said, the work he had been engaged for was cooking! The magistrate intervened and insisted upon the man being dismissed if he did not do as he was told. Miss Adam gave him a letter to me, begging me to give him work, for he was a Christian and she would like him to find employment in Christian surroundings. I was making a road at the time, and set him to work on it. He soon came to me saying he was willing to pull the rickshaw.



The same servant was afterwards a patient under my care in hospital. When he was discharged I prescribed cod liver oil. Miss Adam a few days later wrote to me to say that he had told her he believed rich cream would serve the purpose equally well.

Although Miss Adam carried her self-denial to what most people would regard as an extreme degree and was naturally regarded by the Hindus as a religious devotee, yet no one could be less self-conscious than she was. Nothing was farther from her thoughts than to make asceticism an end in itself or to regard it as meritorious. It all came natural to her, from pure unselfishness and a delight in doing good. The Sermon on the Mount was her code; she took joyfully the spoiling of her goods; she gave to him that asked, despairing of no man; and if she did not love her enemies it was because she had none. She once added a postscript to a letter she wrote me, apologising for having signed herself "yours affectionately" to what was mainly a business communication. "If we are commanded to love our enemies," she wrote, "how much more our friends!" She had a healthy, human interest in everything and everybody. She rejoiced in the beauty of earth and sky, and once declared in a letter to me that next to heaven there was no place she loved like India. Her handwriting was a beautiful specimen of the old-fashioned copperplate style common among ladies of a previous generation, and every note was written with the most scrupulous

care and precision.

A few years after I first met Miss Adam she had a serious illness and when there seemed to be little prospect of recovery she was much exercised in her own mind regarding the future of her work. On her recovery she resolved to request some Missionary organisation to co-operate with her, so that the permanence of her own station might be provided for. She came to the conclusion that an American Mission, the Christian Mission, was most in sympathy with her views, and she entered into negotiations with them. The result was that Deoghar became one of their stations, several lady Missionaries were appointed, and regular medical and educational agencies were established. An additional interest was added to the work when during the terrible famine in 1900 over a hundred orphan girls were brought from the North-west to be educated and cared for. With the advent of good buildings her primitive style of living came to an end, and it was a comfort to us all to know that in her old age she was surrounded by young colleagues who esteemed it a joy to minister to her.

## CHAPTER IV.

NOTES BY MR. H. H. HEARD, MISS FINNEY, AND THE  
REV. F. W. AMBERY SMITH.

THE contributions from friends who knew Miss Adam at Deoghar are more numerous than those which relate to the early periods, and they cover very much the same ground. In spite of the inevitable repetition, they are given in full, as this very repetition emphasises the points that are most noteworthy and interesting. Most of them are from Missionaries, but there are exceptions, and one of these, as presenting our friend from the magisterial point of view, is given first. When Mr. Smith retired from Government service, to spend the rest of his life at Madhupur, he was succeeded in the post of Sub-divisional Officer of Deoghar by Mr. Herbert H. Heard, who remained there for several years. He has kindly sent the following notes:—

Miss Adam once placed twenty-two Bibles, one at the foot of each of the twenty-two temples at Baidyanath, and told me that the Lord would take care of His word. Any one else would have been badly smashed by the *pandas* ( temple priests. )

After I had lain prone for over three months in 1894 with a sprained ankle she gravely assured me one evening that I could get cured in three minutes if I would but adopt *her* plan of faith healing! Rather more than a year later my wife picked her up and brought her to our place, where by good food and medicine she was brought back again from the death to which she had been slowly sinking. Such was her great unselfishness that she was lying on the bare floor of one of her out-houses (which latter she always called "clay cottages") really very ill of dysentery, while her native helpers, in redundant health, were enjoying a fine large spring bed that had been presented to *her*. My wife insisted on her using that bed.

In her girlhood she both modelled exquisitely in wax, and also showed no small skill in painting portraits from life. She dropped both arts, on the idea occurring to her that she was infringing the Second Commandment.

"Milk and content" \* was her favourite diet, she said. The only way to get her to eat a savoury morsel was to send her so little that she really could not divide it for any one else to share.

Though of the sweetest nature, she was somewhat austere. One evening there was a social after-dinner gathering of us all at the Inspection

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\* "Content" in Scotland means the mixture of milk and water given to children.



Bungalow, as the guests of the Deputy Commissioner. We had the most innocent jokes and songs, the Deputy Commissioner playing on his banjo. Miss Adam sat bolt upright all the time smilelessly, and after a particularly hearty bout of laughter we all had over an imitation of natives singing an English Chorus about "Empress Victorior," Miss Adam gravely leant forward and asked the banjoist for a Paraphrase—and we had it. Next day she told my wife that if that were a "social evening" she hoped she might never spend such another, as she had been quite unable to say her prayers the night before. She was so absolutely guileless and trustful that I caught her once about to hand over to another party one thousand rupees of trust money she had, without even the formality of a receipt. I pointed out to her that business was conducted on the underlying principle that every man is a scoundrel. Her only reply was: "That is impossible; God reigneth."

To replace a cramped little go-cart in which she used to be pushed about by her servant Mark, I had a cart double the size made for her, with large wheels and properly balanced, so that one could push it, empty, literally with two fingers. She thanked me much—but never used it. The reason given, when I brought her to bay, was that she was "looking for a stalwart Santal," Mark being unequal to the new cart. I invited her to step into the cart on the spot, which she did. I then invited Mark

to take his choice of pushing the old lady along at once, or of circumnavigating that cart round my own house till I said "Stop." He moved on with celerity.

She was so dreadfully imposed upon that her mission compound was almost a dumping ground for the refuse of the town. Utterly sincere herself, she could not believe that any one professing to have a wish to be baptized could possibly have ulterior motives.

On a stormy night, the thatch roof of a "clay cottage" in which Miss Adam was sleeping was blown clean off. Hearing next day of the trouble, Padre Blaich (of the C. M. S.), then staying with us, walked over with me to see if we could help at all. The old lady, full as ever of praise to God for everything, told us that when the roof went off, she got a beautiful view of the sky. On another occasion her servant ran her, with culpable carelessness, into a bullock-cart. She was knocked out of her own little cart and rather badly cut about her poor old face. Picking herself up she began to praise God that the accident had not been worse, and she would not punish the culprit. She was of the salt of the earth, and her conversation was in heaven.

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Madhupur, the next station to Baidyanath Junction on the railway in the direction of Calcutta, and 22 miles distant from Deoghur, is a place with a considerable number of European residents. One of these, Miss Finney, sends the following note. It may be explained that very few Europeans travel third class ( which is really *fourth* class, as there is an Intermediate class between second and third ) in India, as the third class carriages are not furnished with those conveniences which are almost absolutely necessary for Europeans in a tropical country :—

I saw comparatively little of Miss Adam, but enough to see how closely she walked with the Master. Her heart was so filled with charity, love to God and to man, that there was no room for self. Her utter self-effacement, her lowly humility will never be known till the Great Day. Once when I remonstrated with her for travelling third class when she was suffering, she replied, "The Master always travelled third class through the dark tunnels of life." Again, on hearing that she was in much pain ( she wrote "I'm praising Him for I can see His love through it all". ) I sent her a small pot of ointment which had done me good and begged her to try it. To my disappointment she gave it to a native woman who was suffering similarly and wrote me ; " Ask a great blessing to rest on the use of the ointment. ' He giveth power to the faint ' is my constant experience. ' Trials must and will befall.' May we realize by faith ' Love inscribed upon them all'."

She had a wonderful way of remembering the sick and the afflicted. A lady in bad health came up to me for a change. Miss Adam saw her, and almost always, for three or four years thereafter, there was a kind message for the sick one in her letters to me. I was greatly helped myself through a period of great mental suffering, by her sympathy and prayers.

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The Rev. F. W. Ambery Smith, of the Wesleyan Mission at Raniganj, a station still further down the line, writes :—

I met Miss Adam frequently during the years 1888—97, and had many letters from her at different times. Once I remember her addressing me as simply ‘F. W. Ambery Smith’ and apologising in her letter for doing so on the ground that Christ had said “Call no man Master or Lord.” But she was not quite consistent in this matter as she addressed me at various times as Mr., Esq., Pastor, and even Reverend.

She seemed to me to take every opportunity of doing good, and often visited our native Christians at Madhupur, especially in times of sickness. She was also known to many of the Railway people at that station. I have several times met her at dinner in various houses, and always marvelled how she could subsist on the amazingly small amount of food which she took. She always travelled third class.

She wrote to me some time in 1896 about a little baby whom she was anxious to place in our Raniganj

Orphanage and after some correspondence she came to Raniganj with the child. She had given us no idea that there was anything abnormal about the baby, and I was very surprised when a little boy about 10 years old, who was travelling with her, got down from the train with a poor little wizened baby who scarcely looked as if it had any life in it. Miss Adam told me she had found the child, about eight months previously, crying for its life under a tree at Deoghar. As far as she could see, it was about a month old. She believed one of the pilgrims had deserted it. She besought the Hindus to take it, but they said they had no idea of its caste, and they could not touch it. She then asked if they would allow her to take it, and they said they would be very pleased if she would. For nearly a month Miss Adam attended to the child herself, but her experience in that direction was not great and she feared the child would die. So she paid two women to look after it day and night. By the time the child was brought to us it was a little skeleton, lying perfectly still with its arms and its legs drawn up, apparently too weak even to cry. Miss Adam said she was afraid the women had stolen the milk which she had bought for the baby. After months of careful nursing the child recovered and is now a big girl, 10 years old, living at our Orphanage. We gave her the name Anugraha ( grace.)

It was on this occasion Miss Adam spent a night with us. After she had left we found she had slept



on the floor, as the bed which had been specially made for her had not been disturbed in the least. She did not herself quote to us the text, "The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head,"—in fact she made no reference to the matter at all. It was from some other source that I heard that this was her usual practice, and that this was the reason she offered for it.

On one occasion Miss Adam sent me a boy about 16 years old whom she described in her letter as "a little Mohammedan boy," and whom she asked me to train as a servant and, after instruction in Christianity, to baptize. After he had been with me a month I went to Barrackpur for a Sunday, and the Rev. W. M. Spencer of Barrackpur went to Raniganj in my place. He came back on the Monday, to Barrackpur where I was still staying and told me that "the little Mohammedan boy" was possessed of a watch which he said Miss Adam had sent him.

This I very much doubted, and I hurried back to Raniganj to find the boy a prisoner in one of my godowns. One of my people had become suspicious of his behaviour and had detained him just as he was preparing to make off. I found that he had broken into a drawer in my office and had carried off about 40 rupees (equal to £ 2-13-4) in whole notes and several half notes. He had purchased a watch, several suits of ready-made English clothes, a looking glass, a brush and comb, a bottle of pomade about half a maund (or over 40 lbs) of rice, and

some other eatables. I stripped him of these possessions, gave him a good whipping, and sent him away in the loin-cloth in which he had come. I heard afterwards that he travelled up to Baidyanath without a ticket, dodging the ticket-collectors at Madhupur, and reported to Miss Adam that I was a very cruel saheb, that I had beaten him cruelly though he had committed no offence, and had sent him empty away. Miss Adam wrote to me about him and I told her the facts. She wrote expressing her sorrow, and saying that he was a very naughty boy, but I have always had a suspicion that she befriended him again.

## CHAPTER V.

NOTES BY MR. F. ROWAT, REVS. DR. P. R. MACKAY  
AND E. M. DE MONTE, AND MR. H. B. HANNAH.

**A**SSOCIATED with Mr. Cornelius of Jamtara as Independent Missionaries, are several brethren who occupy stations up and down the railway line or in districts supplied by it. Two of these, Mr. Fred. Rowat, of Mihijam, and Mr. G. W. Panes, of Kadhar, have sent contributions to these Reminiscences.

Mr. Rowat writes as follows:—

I frequently met Miss Adam in passing through Deoghar. "Given to hospitality" might have been appropriately written over her door. Once I called with my wife and three children after a fatiguing journey of 14 miles by road. Miss Adam, who had been poorly, cheered us by her heavenly mindedness. The dinner was excellent, but we learned afterwards that it had been sent over by the magistrate for Miss Adam, and she had once more given proof of her unselfishness by giving us her portion. One had not to be long in her presence before observing

her prayerfulness and unswerving loyalty to Christ. Once she called at Jantara on her way to attend the wedding of a Bengali Christian couple. After shaking hands with the friends assembled she characteristically said, "Now we will have a word of prayer." Her conversation often touched upon the need of Christian unity, and revealed the longing of heart to see believers living more in the enjoyment of the fact of being "all one in Christ." She came to our home on one occasion. It was her delight to take our little girl and give her lessons on the piano. I pointed out the fact that the piano was broken, many notes being quite mute. She said, "Never mind ; it is quite possible to take lessons on a dumb piano." Then she spoke of the days long ago when her dear father sent her to Germany and paid such high fees for her music lessons. The day Miss Adam was staying with us Mrs. Rowat was taken ill, and though she had not the strength to act the part of nurse, she retired to her room to pray, and it was a cheer to an anxious husband to know that in the house at that time was an effectual intercessor at the throne of grace.

I have heard it frequently stated that no one seemed to live the 1 Cor. XIII Chapter like Miss Adam of Deoghar. Love to God and to man seemed to rule her life. At times she was imposed upon by unscrupulous natives, who frequently stole her things. Once we had to stir our tea with our fingers, because, she said, some body had stolen the spoons.

Another time we ate our *chappatties* (water scones) in total darkness, as the lantern had disappeared. She would say, "Ah! poor souls! they need these things more than I do." The magistrate told me he felt greatly annoyed because after he had secured the thief Miss Adam absolutely refused to prosecute. She dealt with all in love.

Though of a good old age she always appeared youthful in her movements. Once while waiting for *chappatties* she disappeared out of the room, which to me was a mystery, as the door remained shut. I learned afterwards that she had jumped out of the low window behind me, this being the shortest route to the cookhouse! Her eccentricities were well-known. Some years ago, Mr. Cornelius, Mr. Hosking and I were told that a "conveyance" would be at Baidyanath Junction to take us on to Miss Adam's house at Deoghar. When we arrived we found the "conveyance" to be a three-wheeled perambulator! She was one who counted it a privilege to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and her life was a rebuke to this pleasure and self-seeking age. I like to sum up the lessons of her life in the words, "Whose faith follow."

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Mr. Panes writes:—

When we first visited Miss Adam she was living in one of the outhouses, with no furniture save two or three rickety chairs and a couple of packing



boxes, on which we took our repast of chappatties, being hospitably entertained.

Afterwards, when she was going to visit us at Kadhar I sent my pony to her for the journey as she possessed at that time a side-saddle. She, however, judged that it would be too hard on the pony, and starting at night with two or three native helpers and a lantern she actually walked the 13 miles, resting at stages on the road and singing hymns, and arriving here apparently little the worse for the journey at eight o'clock next morning. This was typical of her self-denial and thoughtfulness, even for the poor beast, which was led the whole way. We can all bear testimony to her unselfishness and Christ-likeness of character—"living in the heavenlies," as has been beautifully said.

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The Rev. Patrick R. Mackay, D. D., of the United Free Church, Wick, sends the following account of meeting Miss Adam on the two occasions when he visited India to work among Europeans:—

My introduction to Miss Adam came about in the following fashion. It was in the year '88. I had left Mr. W. H. Stevenson, our missionary at Pachamba, and had come down the railway line to Jamtara. I got there about two in the morning, and have a vivid recollection of my experiences at the railway station, while I waited the arrival of the

train from Calcutta, which carried Mr. (now Dr.) Campbell, Pokhuria, whose station I intended visiting. The night was cold and dark. The presence of two sleepy syces with their horses, waiting outside the station gate for Mr. Campbell, reassured me as to the probability of his arrival and helped my waiting. The only room at the station had been newly painted; the smell and the mosquitoes drove me outside and I tried to rest on a wooden seat. It was no use. I paced the platform till 4 a. m., when the train and Mr. Campbell arrived. We got outside the station, but there was some difficulty about the lanterns. It was pitch dark, and we elected to walk. We proceeded some distance when we struck some trees and a bungalow. There was a little light beginning to appear and Mr. Campbell made a slight tapping on a pillar in the verandah of the bungalow. It seemed but a few seconds when a voice from above, which came from a fragile-looking old lady, asked who we were. Mr. Campbell made answer, and in less time than it takes to tell a warm-hearted Swede, Mr. Cornelius, had opened the door and we were ushered into a room. Two or three minutes later, a gentle, sweet-looking old lady, whose grey hair clustered in ringlets round her head, appeared in the room. One or two other friends followed shortly afterwards. In a few minutes there were hot coffee and rolls on the table. The old lady, Mr. Cornelius, the other inmates of the house, Mr. Campbell and myself stood and joined hands while

Mr. Cornelius led in enthusiastic fashion the singing of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." It was thus Mr. Cornelius indicated his view of our invasion that morning. He regarded it as a special benediction. I was much struck with Miss Adam, and by her likeness to another lady who, late in life, gave herself to mission work in India—Miss Tucker, the "A. L. O. E. of literary fame. The two ladies bore quite a striking resemblance to each other. Our conversation was of Scotland, the Free Church, and specially of Dr. Andrew Bonar. I met her several times afterwards and heard from herself of her joy in work and the pleasure she had in moving from village to village in her van. Her grey hairs and gentle face and manner were a protection which was very real. She was wont to leave tracts and booklets within the very precincts of Hindu temples, the priests and others in charge offering no remonstrance. She often engaged in conversation with clerks and educated Hindus who were pleased with the gentle grace of the good old lady, and listened with more than respect while she pled the cause of her Master. The last time I saw her was in 1901 when I met her at Madhupur. She did not look older and only slightly more fragile than she was thirteen years earlier. She was full of enthusiasm and hope, warmly affectionate in her references to other missionaries and keenly interested in some educated babus. She was anxious to secure a copy of Chalmers's *Astronomical Dis-*

*courses* which she thought would be useful to one of her proteges. Miss Adam is unforgettable by any one who was fortunate enough to have even slight acquaintance with her. The world was distinctly poorer the day she left it.

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The Rev. E. M. de Monte, of the Zion Mission, Baidyanath Junction, writes as follows:—

I first met Miss Adam in 1895. I was then travelling in connection with the extensive engineering works of my own firm, the Vulcan Manufacturing Company of Allahabad; and Miss Greybiel of the Christian Mission had requested me to call on Miss Adam, which I did on my return from Calcutta, to advise her with reference to the erection of the Christian Mission buildings at Deoghar, which have since been built there, and about the construction of which she particularly wished to consult me. I could only stay with her, on that occasion, a few hours, but even on that short visit I formed an acquaintance that had been ordained of God to grow into a very close friendship, which was to endure during the term of her natural life, and which has influenced, and will continue to influence, my life of service to our Saviour till its close on this earth, and be a blessing to me in eternity.

The professional part of our interview on that occasion took up but a few minutes; the remainder of the four hours I stayed we spent in the interchange of thoughts and experiences of our respective

Christian lives and in discussing hopes and plans for the advancement of our Lord's Kingdom, and in prayer. Sister Adam had at that time about a dozen children, orphans from the famine, who were the nucleus of the large orphanage of the Christian Mission there, a monument to the efficacy of prayer.

Sister Adam was the pioneer missionary in this special field, in which for many years she worked, literally, in season and out of season. It was a marvel to all her friends how she managed to go on from the beginning to the end of the year, and year after year, without even a rest or change. Summer, monsoon and winter saw her unflinchingly at her post of duty. This was no doubt very remarkable, but those who knew her personally and saw how fragile she was can alone appreciate the heroic faith and strong courage which enabled her thus to serve her Lord and Saviour during all those long years without rest.

From the time she came to this field and saw how dark it was, and how gross idolatry and vile superstition were holding in their grasp the hundreds of thousands who resort to the shrines of impurity, her heart cried out to the living and true God that He would send labourers here, and it is a great strengthening and confirming of our faith to see how fully God has been pleased to answer the prayer in all the work which the Christian Mission is carrying on here.

What has and always has struck me as the essential



secret of the phenomenal sweetness, the abiding peace and the unabated joy, which were so remarkably manifest in her life, was the fact that she was in a special measure filled with the love of Jesus. This was seen in her so clearly that her life and conversation were indeed recognised as a literal translation of I Cor. XIII into a human life. I have never seen any one else so filled with this love to overflowing, and it reacted on her own life filling it with an abiding joy and peace. The God of Love was to her always an ever present, living reality. To this was also due the remarkable weakness she always showed in all her dealings with her fellow-missionaries, and also with servants and heathen coolies. It was a common thing for her to address even the men who carried her dandy in soft silvery tones and with folded hands. On one occasion when she was in very feeble health, her servant who had been preparing food the night before, said he was feeling weak and languid. She at once got out of her bed and with her own hands prepared a cup of cocoa for him. Instances of such self-abnegation could be multiplied.

She often told me that naturally, in her girlhood, she had a very violent temper, and great pride of heart, and had been very self-assertive in her demeanour. How marvellous, then, was the change wrought by grace! for during the four years since I came here I have never noticed the slightest trace of any such trait in her character.

Another conspicuous feature in her life was the truly marvellous extent to which her body had been brought under the subjection of the spirit. It was a frequent occurrence with her, that she would be so completely prostrated that every movement was painful. Yet as soon as she received a call to minister to a soul in distress she would get out of bed, go off for miles in her dandy, do her errand of mercy and return to bed.

In a special way she lived by faith, showing in her life an exact translation of Gal. II. 20. During the last months of her life on earth, her faith had boldly grasped that all she had ever asked in the prayer of faith was not going to be granted, but was actually granted, even if it pleased Him to manifest this blessing, in time, later on. Thus even before her translation she appeared to have entered into the experiences of eternity, where there is neither *before* nor *after* but an unending Now.

One absorbing desire of her heart, very conspicuously intensified during the last months of her stay with us on earth, was that all differences among believers, which so fearfully mar the beauty of Christ's Church militant, might be eradicated, so that all might in very truth be one in Him. Up till the end I never saw her and prayed with her without this petition being prominently presented at the Throne of Grace. Only a few days before the end I remember I had been saying that if all of us who were Christians would show by our lives

that we were all truly one in Him—that there were no *differences* amongst us even if there were *distinctions*,—then the inevitable result would be that such a unity in truth and love would convince the world that this was really salvation, and that Jesus Christ had really been sent by the Father of Infinite Love. She became quite joyous, saying she was so glad that I was also enabled to see eye to eye with her.

Many thought that she carried the theory of the all conquering power of love too far, and for some time I too had been labouring under the same error, so that I often rebuked her, in person and by letter, for allowing herself to be imposed upon by the people whom she took to her heart. But whenever I thus rebuked her, the meekness with which she received my admonishings was always a rebuke to myself, for my presumption in trying to diminish the manifestation of love in her life. This led me to prayerful consideration of the question why such fullness of love was producing undesirable results in those who were its objects, and I was enabled to see that the cause of failure was not the overflowing love in her but the paucity of such love in our own lives. Those who came under the influence of her love naturally compared her with us, and finding that we, who were also Christians, were so very far below the altitude in which she lived, they were, wrongly of course, content to accept us as the standard of what Christian love should be, for we were so many

and she only one. They concluded that in her case it was a morbid exaggeration, altogether abnormal and due to her imbecility, whereas the imbecility was ours. There can be no doubt but that if all of us would live at this exalted altitude in God's love, the mighty influence of such a manifestation of this infinite love of God would infallibly produce results that simply transcend human thought; and then indeed would the mighty power of the Gospel of Love be realised in its irresistible effect on the mind and heart of mankind.

Such a life as that of dear Sister Adam could not fail to have its effect upon the heathen who came within its influence. I was talking to a Moham-medan gentleman in this locality and as our conversation turned to Miss Adam and her unique life, he asked me "Do you think she was human?" I enquired why he asked such a question. His reply was that he was a pretty old man and had seen much of the world, but that in all his life he had never seen any human being like her. He therefore could not think she was only a human being, but believed that she was really an angel from heaven. Of course I took advantage of the incident to present to him Jesus Christ as the power that had made her what she was. He said, "Oh! but all are not so transformed." Let us pray God that we may, more and more of us, yield to the mighty power that wrought in her, that our life's testimony may be more like what her's was.

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Latterly Miss Adam was occasionally persuaded by her friends and fellow-workers to take a holiday, and one of the homes where she was made welcome was Mrs. Hannah's at Manor Lodge, Darjeeling. One of this lady's sons, Mr. Herbert B. Hannah, Barrister-at-Law, relates that in the course of the railway journey to Darjeeling Miss Adam was kneeling on the hard wooden seat of the carriage, engaged in prayer, when the train swayed suddenly and violently, throwing her on to the floor. Her wrist was injured and she suffered a severe shock, which laid her aside for some time.

Mr. Hannah continues:—

More than anybody else that I have met Miss Adam was not of this world. I never saw any one, man or woman, so genuinely, so fully, so *uninterruptedly* spiritual; and save for the frail tabernacle she was lodging in, so immaterial.

She used to sit very frequently at the front door of Manor Lodge, on the top door step (stone), with her back up against the door, to enjoy the fresh air. Being a small person, she was not necessarily visible; through the glass window, to people going out, who sometimes stumbled over her before they knew where they were. She was an extraordinary spectacle when she took her walks abroad on the West Jalapahar Road. She wore a huge *sola topi* (pith helmet). Then came a kind of cloak, and then her skirt, none too long. She had in one hand a big white umbrella, and in the other a little bag containing her work, or



book, or whatever she was interested in, and she wore *two* pairs of spectacles—an ordinary pair for seeing with, and over them a big dark pair of sun spectacles. Seen in the distance she had the appearance of a kind of motorist, dressed in a series of candle extinguishers.

However, all this apart, she was a dear old lady and a perfect saint. She had the sweetest of voices, of faces, and of smiles, and her diction, as she conversed, was as cultured and beautiful as the thoughts she was engaged in expressing. She used to sit far up into the night inditing letters. She wrote me one or two. They are in a beautiful script, and every now and again a word is written in very large copper-plate.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE END.

THE Report of the Christian Mission for the year 1905 shows that the work at Deoghar had grown to large dimensions. There was an orphanage with 100 girls, 3 Sunday schools, a medical mission, a leper asylum, zenana teaching, open air preaching, and a Christian congregation with 156 members. Miss Adam had always taken an interest in lepers. A good many of these sufferers came to the local shrine in the hope of being healed, and others to beg from the pilgrims and shop-keepers. She built a number of small houses on a healthy hill side, as homes for lepers, and dug a good well, and fed and clothed them at her own expense until the Christian Mission, with the help of the Mission to Lepers, relieved her of the charge. To the end, however, Miss Adam took a special delight in ministering to the material and spiritual needs of the lepers.

The Report contains a statement by Miss Adam herself about her work during the previous year, from which a few extracts may be given. The style is characteristic and it is a notable record for a

worker who must have been at least 75 years of age at the time :—

“This year has been the most fruitful in Blessing, also a Benediction in much needed chastisement, that I have known since coming to India.

The month of January was spent working at Deoghar. I was preparing to go out to distant villages in a small mission van. Some of these were not privileged to have regular evangelistic workers stationed among them and others had never even heard the Glad Tidings of Salvation.

In some places the joyful news was at first despised and afterwards gladly received. In one village they said they had not heard a word since I visited them twelve years previously. No opposition was made to our preaching. Some of those who came from curiosity listened well and even bought Gospels.

The beloved young lady who accompanied me was summoned away by telegram owing to the severe illness of a relative. In returning I caught cold and was laid down with pain in my back from having to stay all night in the open air at Madhupur Railway Station, the Ladies' Waiting Room not being available owing to want of ventilation. Since reaching the old Mission bungalow I have been more or less prostrated, but have had the great privilege of giving away books and occasionally writing to the educated men who receive them.

More than one have replied thanking me (with apparent cordiality) for what was given and assuring

me that *it would be read*. Almost every one knows the value of such promises (!). At the same time let us not forget who (in His Sovereign Wisdom) hath chosen the things that are despised, yea the things that are *not* that with them He might bring to nought the things that are, that no flesh might glory in His Presence." She goes on to tell of plans she had made for itinerating in the villages along with Chandra Lela, a native Christian lady with a very remarkable spiritual history who before her conversion had been a Hindu devotee. But owing to Chandra's ill-health these plans were not carried out. Her report concludes with an appeal for "a new band of workers who, while One with all the True hearted Missionaries who have come to raise the Standard of the Cross in India would be prepared to *go at their own expense whenever and wherever* the Lord of the Vineyard called them to proclaim His Glorious Salvation," and with the prayer that "the hearts of those possessed of independent means may be touched by His Holy Spirit to Consecrate themselves to this work of Faith."

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About the middle of May 1905, I found among my dispensary patients one morning a native Christian youth, who had come from Deoghar bearing a letter from Miss Adam. It was written in pencil, with many apologies, and was almost illegible. In that respect it was very unlike her ordinary letters ;

but there was no alteration in the spirit of Christian affection and of tender solicitude for the good of others that breathed through it. It had been written in bed, with difficulty, and only too evidently in great weakness. It was a sign that the end was near, but the closing words written by the dying hand were in harmony with all her life—"The loving kindness of God is beyond all utterance."

A few days later we heard that she had died on the 24th of May. Miss Annie A. Lackey, one of her fellow-workers in the Christian Mission, wrote to me as follows:—

How I wish you could have seen her before the home going. It was indeed a blessed change for her, but we miss her from our mission family.

I count it one of my many blessings to have been associated with her for even a few years, during which time I have learned many helpful lessons from her most beautiful life.

About two days before she left us, I went to her and she said, "I think I am better, but the weakness is no better." Even when so weak that the weakness seemed pain, she was so patient and unselfish. All her thought seemed to be for others. The day before she died she spoke of how *good* God had been to her and of the kindness of all about her. She was a rare soul.

She seemed to realise that the end was near and the week before her death she wrote several letters to friends, telling them that she would not write



again. She wrote an earnest message to an Indian gentleman, and telling him that would be her last appeal she urged him to accept the Christ. Her heart was full of plans for the work even to the very last.

She had lately sold off several of the things in order to start a fund for the preaching of the Gospel in those parts where, as yet, it had not gone. She was also repairing a room where she was hoping to be able to meet some of Deoghar's Zenana ladies and speak to them of Jesus.

She had sent for a babu who was to come to her on the morning of the day she died, and all morning she kept asking about him and telling us to get her ready to go out to see him. He came finally, but she was so *very* weak that I could not tell her that he had come. She wanted to speak to him of the Saviour once more. But I was at that moment expecting her to pass away any time. Dr. Mary Longdon (another of the Christian Mission staff) was camping in a distant village and I sent for her. She was soon by the bedside and everything possible was done to revive her. She continued to grow weaker and her mind was wandering. A part of the time she was conscious and although she talked a little we were unable to understand all that she said. The last thing she said was "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" which she said over and over again.

She lingered all day until the evening, when just as the sun was sinking down behind our western hill, she very quietly breathed her last.

I am sure her life work is not yet ended. In a letter which she wrote to a friend a few days before her death she said, "Please praise God for the showers, I should say *floods* of blessing He is going to pour out here. 'Before they call I will answer'."

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A young Bengali Christian lady, Miss D. Chandra, wrote to me after her death ;—

I do praise God for ever sending her out to India. I have never seen any one like her. I knew her from my childhood. She was an honoured and loved friend of our family for many long years. I loved her dearly and she loved me more than I deserved. We lived together, had everything in common, were just *one* in Christ. I do miss her much, but it is just for a while. A few hours before her departure she turned and smiled at me and said "I shall meet you again." I do wish somebody would write about her holy consecrated life. I am sure many hearts would be touched and many, perhaps, led to the Master's feet. It was not an ordinary life.

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Miss Adam was buried at Deoghar, Mr. de Monte officiating at the funeral. She was laid to rest, not in the tiny European cemetery in the garden of the Magistrate's house, where lie the remains of a former Magistrate who was murdered at the Mutiny, and of the young child of one of his successors, but "outside the camp", on the open, hillside already referred to, where she had founded a refuge for lepers, and

beside the graves of those afflicted ones to whom she had loved to minister. Memorial services, one in English and one in Hindi, were held in the chapel on the following Sunday. The news of her death caused widespread sorrow, but mingled with it was gratitude that such a life had been lived for Christ in India. Some of the Hindu newspapers, in their obituary notices, described Miss Adam as a goddess, and there were no doubt many Mohammedans like the one Mr. de Monte refers to, who regarded her as an angel of God. To us she was the ambassador of Christ, and those of us who share her commission may well pray God that we may be as faithful as she was in the discharge of it.

## NOTES.

### NOTE A. DEOGHUR OR BAIDYANATH.

THE legend of the temples which make Baidyanath a place of great sanctity to the Hindus is as follows. Long ago some wandering Brahmins settled down in this neighbourhood and erected the symbol of their god Siva as an object of worship and sacrifice. As they prospered, they grew slothful and neglected their religion. The aboriginal tribes, who peopled the surrounding jungle, although they refused to worship Siva, were shocked at the evil lives of the Brahmins, and one of them, Baiju by name, to show his contempt for them, vowed that every day before touching food, he would beat their idol with his club. One day he almost forgot to do so. His cattle had strayed and it was late at night when he reached home, tired and hungry. He had just sat down to his meal when he remembered his vow. He rose at once, limped to the idol and beat it as usual, when suddenly the spirit of the place rose in resplendent form from the waters of the lake on whose shore the idol stood, and addressing Baiju, asked him to name any reward he liked for his fidelity in forgetting hunger and weariness in order

to fulfil his vow to beat the idol, while the custodians of that idol, the Brahmins, were sleeping with their concubines and forsaking their god. Baiju said he wanted nothing in the way of material wealth, "but" he added, "thou art called *Nath* (Lord); let me too be called Lord and let thy temple go by my name". "Granted," said the Spirit; "henceforth thou art not Baiju but Baijunath, and my temple shall be called by thy name."

It is said that when this story was noised abroad, wealthy Brahmins, rajahs and merchants, vied with each other in erecting temples to mark the spot where Siva had appeared to Baiju, and the place became a shrine for pilgrims. There are now twenty-two temples, dedicated to Siva (or Mahadeo) or to his wife Parbati, the pinnacles being often united by silken ropes to symbolise the marriage of that god and goddess. The number of pilgrims present at one of the great festivals may number over 30,000 and they come from all over India. The temples are surrounded by a courtyard with a free stone pavement which is said to have cost £ 10,000. The lake from whose waters the spirit of Siva arose is now a holy tank for bathing, with a series of stone or concrete *ghats*, or platforms, built by pious and wealthy Hindu rajahs at great cost. The priests who are in attendance at the temples are themselves numbered by the thousand, and they were long ago described by Captain Sherwill, in his *Survey Report of Birbhum* (our



authority for the above legend) as “a band of harpies in the shape of Brahmans, who remorselessly fleece all the poorer pilgrims, beg of the rich with much importunity, and lead the most dissolute and vagabond lives.” The priests are known as *pandas*.

Another object of interest is a group of monoliths of gneiss rock, two upright and the third supported by them, which stand where once the western gate of the town was located. Each stone is twelve feet long and is said to weigh seven tons. No one knows anything about their history, but in the legend quoted above it is said that the aborigines worshipped them instead of Siva, and the conjecture has been made that they once formed the entrance to a Buddhist temple.

Among a few papers relating to Miss Adam kindly lent to me by her friend Miss D. Chandra, I found a letter to Miss Adam, signed “F. A. Vincent,” and dated 22 Warwick Square, S. W., London, 15th August 1902. The writer was a friend of Mr. Reginald Studd, and had been greatly interested to hear from him an account of a visit he had paid to Miss Adam’s mission when on an evangelistic tour in India, and of the blessing which had attended his work among the school girls. The reason why he took so much interest in Deoghar was because he had founded it as a civil station over fifty years before. He says: “I was stationed at Monghyr in 1850, learning my work as a Police

Magistrate. I was very happy there. It was my first appointment. I was only 18 or 19 years of age, and the senior civilians were all very kind to me. So it was a great blow when one day I got a letter from Government ordering me to go to Deoghar and establish a civil station there with police stations from the adjoining districts of Monghyr, Bhagalpur, and Beerbhoom; but I had to go, and I was told it was a great compliment that I was selected, as the Government had reason to think that numbers of the pilgrims who were reported as killed by the wild animals that then abounded in those jungles were really murdered for the sake of their ornaments, and I was to put a stop to this...No European had ever lived there before and the nearest Europeans were 70 or 80 miles away. I built a bungalow, and *kacheri* (court house), started a hospital, jail, etc., laid down roads,—in fact *made a station*. It was dreary work.....After two years my health broke down and I was transferred to Barh, on the Ganges halfway between Monghyr and Patna, and there I remained during the Mutiny. My successor at Deoghar, Mr. Ronald, was killed by the mutineer sepoys who were stationed there.....The jungles about there swarmed with wild beasts, especially bears, and as I was a great *Shikari* (sportsman) I killed over fifty of these besides other game."

The Magistrate, Mr. Robert E. Ronald, was murdered by the mutineers of the 32nd Native

Infantry who had been stationed at Deoghar in connection with the suppression of the Santal Rebellion two years earlier. They first murdered one of their officers, Lieut. Cooper, and then the Magistrate. Mr. Ronald, before this, had sent his wife and child off to Raniganj, which was then the railway terminus, 83 miles distant, in a palki, but remained at his post till he was killed. A monument, erected by his widow, marks the place where he is buried in the Magistrate's garden.

#### NOTE B. THE SANTALS.

MISS Adam by no means confined her evangelistic efforts to the Santals; but they were her first love, and to the end she took a special interest in them and all that concerned them.

The Santals are the largest of the many tribes in India who are known collectively as the jungle people, the wild men of the woods, the demon worshippers, the aborigines, the animists. When the Census of India was taken in 1901, the total number of "animists" in Bengal was said to be 2,780,468, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the population of the province. Of these 1,830,143 were Santals. They are growing in number. The rate of increase in the decade before the Census was  $24\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., while for the same period the increase in the entire population of Bengal was only 4 per cent.

Ethnologically, the Santals are described as "typical examples of the pure Dravidian stock." Their geographical distribution is roughly speaking in the bend between the Ganges and the Hooghly, but in recent years they have been emigrating in large numbers to the tea growing districts in Darjeeling, Assam, Sylhet and Cachar, and to all the surrounding country. They worship evil spirits by offering propitiatory sacrifices, and there is also in every village a little temple erected to the spirits

of the deceased village chiefs, who are also worshipped. Agriculture is the principal occupation of the Santals and they excel in reclaiming waste land. They also eke out their scanty living by hunting the wild animals in the jungles. Bows and arrows are their traditional weapons, and with them they can do deadly execution, on man or beast. Apart from Christianity, education has so far made very little impression on the Santals. At last Census, the number of illiterate males per 1,000 was 994, and of females 1,000.

The Santals came into public prominence in the year 1855, when they rose in rebellion, not in the first instance against the Government, but against their natural enemies, the landlords and money-lenders. They gathered in a body 30,000 strong with the intention of marching to Calcutta to lay their grievances before the Governor-General. Unwise interference on the part of the police, who tried to arrest their leaders on a false charge, precipitated an out-break, and the Santals getting beyond the control of their leaders, took to almost indiscriminate plunder and slaughter. The troops had to be marched against them from Calcutta. The officers on the one hand knew nothing of the Santali language, and the Santals on the other were ignorant of the usages of civilised warfare, and the result was deplorable bloodshed. The Santals, however, held out for six months and on one occasion at least put trained native troops to flight. Only



wounded men were taken prisoners, and they bitterly reproached the British officers for having fought against them on the side of their oppressors. Not until 10,000 Santals were killed was the rebellion suppressed.

The uprising, deplorable as it was, marked the beginning of a new era in the history of the Santals. The attention both of the Government of India and the Christian public was directed to their condition, and the national conscience was further quickened by the sepoy Mutiny two years later. The Church Missionary Society, represented by Messrs. Puxley and Storrs, were the first to begin Missionary work among the Santals. The Indian Home Mission to the Santals, organised by Messrs. Skrefsrud and Børresen,—now the largest in the number of Christians,—followed. The Free Church of Scotland Mission (now United Free Church) was founded about 1869. The American Baptists at Midnapur work among the Santals in the South, and other Missions which share the good work elsewhere are the English Wesleyans, the American Episcopal Methodists, the Dublin University Mission, Gossner's Mission, the Christian Mission (to which Miss Adam latterly belonged), the Seventh Day Adventists and various independent workers. The number of Santals who have become Christians must now be well over 30,000.

In some respects the Santals present a more promising field for missionary work than their

Hindu and Mohammedan neighbours. They are more accessible, more frank and straight forward; the moral and physical evils due to infant marriage, compulsory widowhood and the seclusion of women, are unknown among them. They have no caste among themselves, although from the Hindu point of view they are outcastes. They have fewer prejudices and preconceptions and altogether afford a comparatively virgin soil for the Gospel seed. On the other hand they are grossly ignorant and superstitious—witchcraft, for example, has a terrible hold upon them—and they have no religious or other scruples in the matter of alcohol or other intoxicants. Their marriage laws are very loose, and their morality generally, although perhaps higher than the average from the heathen point of view, falls lamentably far below the Christian standard.

NOTE C. THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

THE Christian Mission, or the Mission of the Disciples of Christ, with which Miss Adam was associated during the later years of her life, and which now carries on the work at Deoghar, is an organisation of American origin, although it has branches now in Great Britain and Australia. It was founded about a hundred years ago by a Scottish Presbyterian, the Rev. Thomas Campbell, who having emigrated from the North of Ireland to America, sought to gather the scattered Presbyterians there together to partake of the Lord's supper. When this was reported to his Presbytery at home, he was censured for having included Presbyterians who did not belong to his own particular sect of seceders. That opened his eyes to the evils of sectarianism, and he founded a new church on the simple basis of faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and the acceptance of the New Testament Scriptures as the only rule of faith and practice. To the obvious criticism that the best way to diminish the number of Christian sects is not by founding another, the exponents of this movement reply that their leaders were practically forced to leave the various Churches of which they were originally members in order to gain liberty to proclaim their principles, and that this had the advantage of

demonstrating to all Christians the possibility of maintaining in modern times a vigorous and successful Church life with no aids in the way of organisation beyond those which the primitive Church is believed to have possessed. The numerical growth of the Christian Mission has certainly been remarkable. In 1901 in the United States the membership was 1,179,541, and vigorous missions are maintained in many parts of the world.

The Christian Mission began its work in India in 1883, when a station was founded at Hurda in the Central Provinces. Bilaspur in the same province was occupied in 1885 and Mungeli in 1888. In the last twelve years the work has expanded rapidly, along evangelistic, educational, medical and industrial lines. Bina, Damoh and Pendra Road are additional stations in the C. P., and Mahoba, Maudha and Rath are stations in the United Provinces. The extension of the work to Bengal through Miss Adam has already been referred to. The principles and the history of the Christian Mission and its special efforts for the reunion of all Christians on the simple basis of the New Testament are described in two pamphlets which were issued from Mahoba in 1904—*A Plea for the Union of Christ's Church*, and *The Christian Mission and Christian Unity*. Their author, the Rev. W. M. Forrest, was at that time engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in Calcutta.

NOTE D. PASTOR HAEGERT.

MORE than a passing reference is due to this remarkable man, with whom for a few years Miss Adam was so intimately associated in his work among the Santals. In his life time he was known, preeminently, as *the* Santal Missionary, owing partly at least to the fact that he went everywhere, preaching the Gospel,—and collecting subscriptions.

Albert Rudolph Ernest Haegert was born at Auchlam in Germany in 1844. Tradition says that he was once a waiter in a Paris hotel, and that it was in connection with a firm of caterers that he came out to India in 1868. It is certain that he served some time as an overseer in the Public Works Department. In 1873 he left Government service to join the Indian Home Mission to the Santals. In 1875 he set up a mission of his own at a place which he named Bethel, in the Jamtara Sub-division of the Santal Parganas. He carried on this work with great vigour for nearly thirty years, till his death in September 1904. In 1880 he visited England and Scotland, and obtained generous help for his work. He also obtained a certificate in midwifery and made extensive use of his medical knowledge in his work among the poor in India.

Mr. Haegert did not pull well in a team. There was a lack of permanence about his Committees



at home and his staff in the field; but he certainly did good service by inducing a considerable number of earnest young men and women to come out to India as missionaries, and in this respect several societies are his debtors.

One of the Pastor's stock jokes, which appeared every year in a Report that circulated all over India, was that his assistants, when he had any, got their food and clothes from him, their salaries they would receive in heaven. The *Harvest Field*, a monthly missionary magazine published by the Wesleyan Mission, Mysore, in reviewing this Report for 1902, became infected with the Pastor's facetious spirit. "The five head stations" it wrote, "occupied by Pastor Haegert and his fellow missionaries are Bethel, Bethlehem, Bethany, Bethesda and Bethsaida. There is also seemingly an outpost of the Mission, at present unoccupied, to which each of the five missionaries anticipates an eventual transfer, and on arrival in which he has the guarantee of the Director of the Mission that all the deficiencies in his present salary will be promptly made up by a cash payment of the balance due. In token of the close connection of this place, with the Mission, and of Pastor Haegert's control of its finances, we would suggest that for the encouragement of Mission agents it be duly recognised in future issues of the Report amongst the out-stations of the Mission, and if it be thought desirable to maintain the uniformity of nomenclature

applied to other stations, that it be referred to henceforth as Bethabara—beyond Jordan.”

The Pastor had many a thrilling story to tell of encounters with bears and wolves, leopards and tigers. He was equally fearless in his denunciation of oppression, and in this and other ways was a true friend of the poor. His methods were often peculiar and his speech extravagant, but he was the means of leading many Santals into the kingdom and there are not a few who cherish his memory as that of the best friend they knew on earth.

After his death his mission property was purchased and the work taken over by the Indian Home Mission to the Santals.

NOTE E. CHANDRA LELA.

MISS Adam's friend Chandra Lela, mentioned in the last chapter, was born about the year 1842 in Nepal, where her father, a Brahmin of very high rank, held the hereditary appointment of family priest to the Rajah. When seven years old she was married to the only son of another branch of the priesthood, but her husband's death, two years later, condemned her, according to Hindu custom, to lifelong widowhood and penance. When thirteen years old she accompanied her father on a pilgrimage to Jagannath. There he died, and she, returning home, devoted herself to the study of the sacred books of Hinduism. Having read that the sin—perhaps in a previous birth—that caused widowhood might be expiated by visiting and worshipping at the four great shrines that stand at the four cardinal points of India, she determined to perform this act of piety and also everything else which her scriptures recommended as a means of salvation. Her husband had left her a fair amount of wealth, and taking a sufficient sum she stole away secretly, with two maid servants as her only companions. It took them seven days to cross the mountains of Nepal, to reach the plains of India. Jagannath in the East was the first holy place of the four, and on the way to it a visit was paid to

Kalighat, the famous shrine to which Calcutta owes its name. On reaching Jagannath, two weeks were spent in the worship of the hideous idol, and a feast was provided for the local Brahmins. The second temple of the four was Ramanath, in the far south, on a small island which is said to mark the spot where Ram, with the aid of Hanuman the Monkey-god, and his army of monkeys, bridged the strait between India and Ceylon in their pursuit of Ravana, the king of Ceylon, who had carried off Sita, Ram's wife. The third was Dwarkanath, in the extreme west, a temple which the god Krishna is said to have built in a night. The fourth was Badrinath, in the far north, among Himalayan snows, 10,400 feet above the sea. It took them seven years to make this circuit, and not content with having done all that was demanded of her, and having failed to find the spiritual peace she sought, Chandra climbed Kedranath, the companion peak of Badrinath, to worship its idol too, and on her southward way visited Hurdwar, where the Ganges issues from the Himalayas, Kashmir, Muttra, Allahabad and Benares, bathing, sacrificing, giving gifts to the Brahmins wherever there was a shrine. Her two maids died of cholera near Benares, and Chandra was left alone. Instead of returning home, however, she determined to revisit Jagannath, in company with a band of pilgrims she met upon the road. At Midnapore, a rajah begged her to become his family priestess, and to teach his women

Sanskrit. When she consented he built her a house and provided her with every luxury. She was revered and worshipped by her pupils, including the rani. Seven years were spent in this way; then the rajah died and Chandra resolved to spend three years in bodily torture. She joined a troop of fakirs, each of whom chose his own form of self-mortification. Chandra selected the ordeal of the "six fires," making a vow that she would sit all day, throughout the six hot months of the year, in the burning heat of the sun (which was reckoned one of the fires), with five fires round about her. To keep up the torture during the night, in the hot season she stood on one foot from midnight till morning and in the cold season immersed herself up to the neck in water and in this position counted her beads from dark till daylight. Wandering about, her body smeared with ashes, her hair clotted with cowdung, clad in a single cloth and with a deerskin for bedding, she acquired a great reputation for holiness, and wealthy Hindus esteemed it an act of merit to supply her with fuel, and to keep the fires burning.

Three years had been spent in this way when one day, at Murshidabad, among those who came to worship Chandra was the Rani of Manipur in Assam. Chandra had long desired to visit the sacred places of Assam, and took the opportunity of going there with the rani's servants. It was in Assam that her eyes were first opened to the cruel



deceptions that were practised upon the Hindu pilgrims. At one shrine the priest told her that on a certain day once a year, blood flowed from the idol. He dipped a cloth in the blood, and every one who received a piece of that cloth would have his or her wish granted, whatever it might be. Chandra appeared at the shrine, on the appointed day but before the appointed hour, to find the priest dipping the cloth in the blood of a goat he had killed. She also visited a sacred lake, in the centre of which was a bright, shining light. This, she was told, was the eye of Parbati, the wife of Siva. One night, after dark, she saw the priest go out in a boat to replenish the little lamp that was kept burning in the water.

To return to Calcutta, she travelled part of the way by steamer, paying extra fare in order to be allowed to carry wood and earthen vessels for the five fires with her. A storm coming on, seas broke over the deck, to the consternation of the Hindu passengers, who, along with Chandra, began calling out to Ram to save them. The captain coming on deck, told them to be quiet, and pointing to heaven said, "Hush! He who lives there will care for us." This was the first time Chandra had ever heard of there being a God other than the idols she worshipped. From Calcutta she went on to Midnapore and having there fulfilled her vow of three years' torture, she returned to Calcutta to bathe in the Ganges and to cut off the long hair that had

not been combed or cleaned while she was under the vow. She threw it as a offering to the sacred river, exclaiming at the same time, "There, I have done and suffered all that could be required of mortal, by god or man, and yet without avail."

She returned to Midnapore, where she had many disciples. Finding one of them, a young woman, reading a strange book one day, she asked her where she got it and was told that it had been given by Miss Julia Phillips, one of the *zanana* workers in connection with the local American Baptist Mission. Chandra was much interested, and a meeting was arranged with the missionaries. She bought a Bible for eight pence, began to read it day and night, and gathered her disciples together to hear it explained to them by the missionary. She came to Church, and in a short time, in spite of the earnest protestations of her Hindu friends, was baptised by Dr. Phillips.

She spent the first three years after her baptism preaching the Gospel in and about Midnapore. She then made a long pilgrimage, revisiting the shrines where she had worshipped as a Hindu, preaching Christ wherever she went. Then after an absence of twenty-seven years, she returned to her native Nepal, a land which is still closed to the Christian missionary. Once she was arrested for distributing Christian literature, but the magistrate, finding she was a Nepalese, dismissed her without punishment. She visited her own people and was

the means of leading her brother to Christ. He was dying, and in the absence of a missionary and at his earnest request, she baptized him. She begged to be allowed to give him a Christian burial, but his Hindu friends insisted upon having him burnt. Owing to torrents of rain, however, repeated attempts to light the funeral pyre failed, and in the end Chandra was allowed to have her way.

For thirty years Chandra Lela has been preaching the Gospel all over India, in four distinct languages. She has had many interesting experiences. At a large gathering in Calcutta during a Week of Prayer, a native gentleman introduced himself to her. Fourteen years before, she had spoken to him at the *Magh mela*, a great religious fair at Allahabad, and urged him to make the most of this life and to make sure of the life to come, by becoming a Christian. He had never been able to get these words out of his mind. Two years later he was baptized, and now he was a professor in the London Missionary Society's College in Calcutta. He begged Chandra to visit his native village, forty miles away, where his father's house was still full of idols. She went, and as a result his brother's wife, a widow, and her children professed their faith in Christ. The local Brahmins were infuriated and denounced Chandra as a "beef eating Christian." But Chandra's familiarity with the Hindu scriptures furnished her with a ready reply. Was it not written, she asked, that once the gods ordered the Brahmins

to sacrifice bullocks, as the only offerings that would appease the offended deity, and also to eat their flesh? If Brahmins ate beef without being defiled, why not Christians?

On another occasion at a *mela*, or fair, an angry priest cried out, "I will beat your Christ with my cane!" "You *may* do so," she mildly answered; "He will not break in pieces as your idol would."

When the Midnapore missionaries offered Chandra a house in which to spend her declining years, she made it a condition that it must not be in a retired spot, but on the roadside, so that when too old and weak to walk she could still crawl up to the door and preach to the people as they passed by.

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The foregoing account of Chandra Lela is abridged from a most interesting sketch of her, written by Mrs. Ada Lee, of Calcutta, and published by Messrs. Morgan and Scott, London.

Chandra Lela is said to mean "The Playing of the Moonbeams." The correct spelling in this case is Chandra Lila, and the pronunciation "Chandra Leela."

NOTE F. ADDITIONAL REMINISCENCES.

THE following statement by Mrs. Moorat, Inspector of Girls' Schools under the Bengal Government, and the daughter of the Rev. A. Stark, who spent many years among the Santals as a Missionary of the Church Missionary Society, reached me after the earlier part of this book was printed.

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I have never met such a saint on earth as Miss Adam. Her life and example were most wonderful and exemplary, for she lived up to what she preached, and was essentially a woman of prayer. She was nothing short of a heroine. I knew a great deal about her when she first came out India, for she lived with us in Santalia. Her courage and faith in the promises of God were marvellous. She was so poor that she did not know where to get her next meal from. Despite her poverty and age she wandered about like the disciples of old, from village to village, preaching the Gospel and living on what the Santals gave her to eat, sleeping under trees and sheds, looking for "the darkest spot in India," where she meant to reside. At last she came to the C. M. S. station called Bhagaya. The bungalow was empty as the Missionary had gone home ill, and my father had not yet taken over charge. You can



picture our astonishment on our arrival to find a white haired lady living there alone. She was ready to leave instantly, saying there was no need for two missionaries in the same place, but after a lot of persuasion my father prevailed upon her to remain. Then came a day when she said she was putting my parents to too much expense in boarding her for nothing. She had not a farthing to pay them, and so she said she would go. My parents were very grieved and of course would not hear of her leaving. At last my mother said, "Well, Miss Adam, if you are determined to leave us, you can pay me for your board by teaching my younger daughters for a couple of hours a day."

"Oh!" she replied, "dear Mrs. Stark, I can't do such a thing. I have devoted every moment of my life to the Lord, and I can't put my hand to secular work."

"But, Miss Adam," my mother replied, "St. Paul was by profession a tent maker, and some of the disciples were fishermen. Christ let them work for their support, and surely He will let you do the same."

At this idea the dear old lady's face became transformed with joy and she embraced Mother and said, "I never looked at the matter in that light, dear Mrs. Stark. I shall pray to the Lord, and after that I shall teach your daughters."

So the lessons were begun, but they did not continue for long, as her spirit was not at rest unless

she prayed and preached without ceasing. On this account she left us quite suddenly and unexpectedly.

She often accompanied me in the evenings to the villages. She would commit some texts to memory and in her eagerness would repeat them off like lightning. Then quivering in every limb she would turn to me and say, "Do they believe? Oh! *do* say they believe."

In my tours of inspection I have often met people who came to know her in her wanderings and were deeply impressed by her saintly disposition. It is wonderful how her prayers were answered, in the growth of the mission and school at Deoghar.

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Mr. B. L. Chandra, Calcutta, and his daughter, have sent me a number of letters, some written by Miss Adam, and others about her, from which some additional information has been obtained. One of the letters to Miss D. Chandra, is from Mrs. Wildridge, Gartness House, by Airdrie, Scotland, who as a child had received music lessons from Miss Adam. She says that however often or however much provoked, she was never angry. Miss Adam sent a small wedding gift to Mrs. Wildridge in 1902, and the acknowledgment of this drew from her a longer letter, begun July 5th 1903, but broken off on account of illness and continued on September 23rd. After referring to the cause of the interruption Miss Adam writes:

"But how can I sufficiently praise our Saviour God that through this illness I have had greater

disclosures of His wondrous love than I ever had before! His tender, watchful care supplying every need has been more than I am able to express. He sent me a young Christian lady who has been and now is to me a 'ministering angel.' Her care and love are a great surprise, but a manifest token of the Love that doeth abundantly above what we can either ask or think.....It would be such a joy for me to sit down even for a few hours beside you both, and tell my experience during these past long years! How much has passed before me, of which I could not even have dreamt! For years before I saw your tiny form in Knockderry Castle I had been thirsting for Foreign Mission work, but to that thirst was linked the desire to cover *all* my own expenses,—outfit, passage, and board afterwards. Oh, how often I calculated upon *how* little I could possibly exist and yet have physical strength sufficient to tell faithfully the 'Old old Story' to the perishing! Bitter tears I shed in secret when I found that anything I could sell in the way of lovely presents received from friends, and from time to time some oil paintings, *all* failed in bringing in even the preliminary amount needful for passage money. *Just before entering your neighbourhood* I was exercised by the thought: 'May it not be our Heavenly Father's will that I should give up this desire (stronger I believed than life) and *help those to go* whom He might choose to send?' Through grace I decided on doing so.—No.

sooner was 'own will,' for so long concealed under 'Thy will be done', laid in sincerity at the feet of the Saviour than all difficulties connected with Foreign work vanished, and I went forth cradled in the prayers of some of God's choice saints..... Every relative I had said that by going to India I was simply putting my two feet into the grave with my eyes open. Oh! it was joy, joy, joy to go; but little I dreamt that soon after landing a wave of deep sorrow was to break over my head."

From the passage that follows it seems probable that the sorrow here referred to was due to doubts among her fellow missionaries in India regarding the practicability of her scheme for teaching the Santals the universal syllabic language. But the letter concludes; "All my mission record seems like a commentary on the Psalmist's words, 'His loving kindness, O how great!'"

In a post script Miss Adam says that her mother was born in Jamaica, and inherited from her father an estate there which came to grief. She was educated at home, married Miss Adam's father when he was Rector of the Royal Academy of Inverness, but died while Miss Adam was very young.

Miss Adam's letters to Mr. Chandra illustrate in a very striking way how thoughtful she, who paid so little attention to herself, was for others, and her warm affection for his daughter Dorothea often finds beautiful expression. She invites Mr. Chandra, who had been ill, to come to Baidyanath for a fortnight

and to bring his little boy who had also been ill with fever. She says: "I can join two small tables together so that we could all take refreshments together, and so get more conversation."

In another letter she asks what would be the expense of printing "the very tiniest little leaflet" discussing whether it is Scriptural to write "Rev." before the names of ministers and missionaries. "It would save my time to enclose one occasionally [in letters] instead of writing to explain why I did not write "Rev.'"

The Rev. James Brown, of the C. M. S. Santal Mission, in the course of a letter to Miss Chandra on hearing of Miss Adam's death, writes:—

"It is about 22 years since I first saw Miss Adam. I was living at Barharwa and my dear wife and three children and an English governess were also there. One morning I went from my bedroom into the verandah to go into my study and dressing room, when to my surprise I saw a little English lady crouching down by the wall as though she had been lying on the verandah. It was Miss Adam. She had come by train in the night, and walked up to the bungalow, and without announcing her arrival quietly sat on the floor of the verandah till the dawn of day. She stayed some days with us, and we were much impressed with her loving devotion to the Lord and her simple child-like faith.....Her devotion was unparalleled."

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